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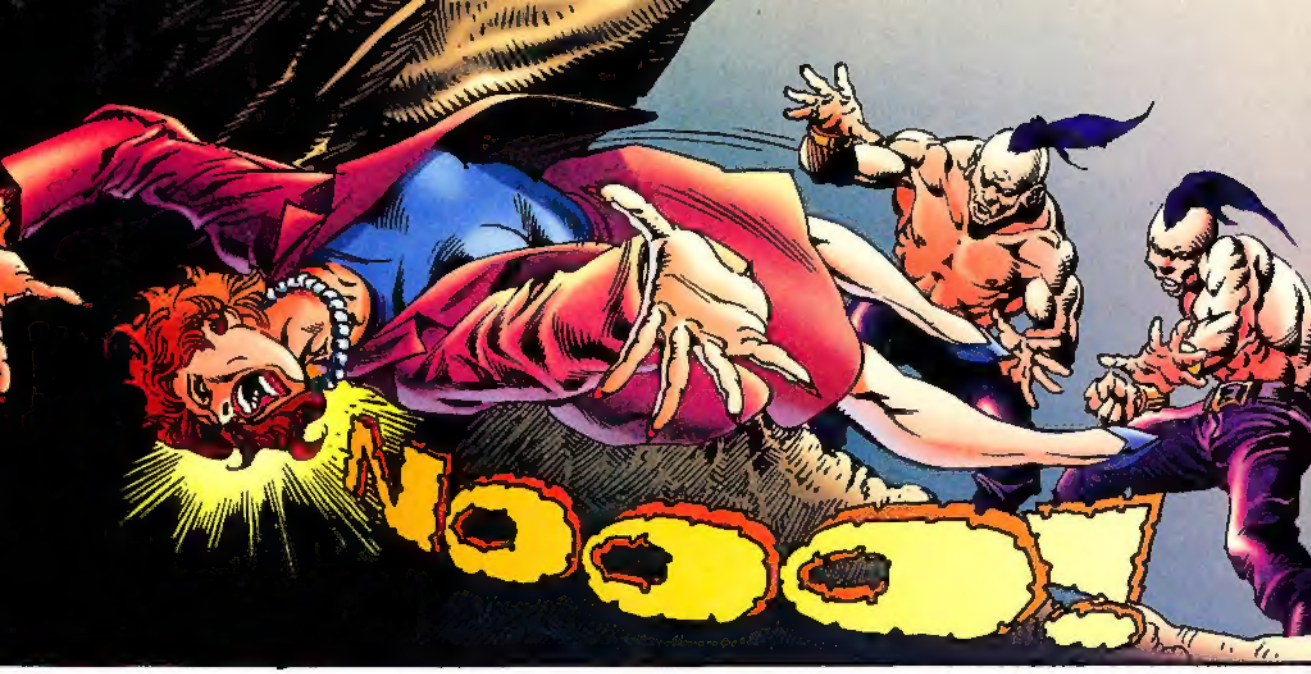
RANDOM-DCP

SOMEWHERE FAR ABOVE, NEW YORK TEEMS AND BOILS WITH LIFE LIKE A FLYBLOWN CORPSE...
...BUT HERE, IN THE GRAVEYARD STILLNESS BENEATH THE MOIST, FECUND EARTH, IT IS ANOTHER WORLD--AN OLDER WORLD OF ELDER GODS AND OBSCENE DEITIES, OF RITE AND RITUAL...
SOUL FOOD
SCRIBE - IAN EDGINTON
ARTISAN - RUDY D NEBRES
MISSIVES - MIKE DELEPINE
CHROMA - BRIMSTONE
HIGH OVERSEER - DAVID BOGART

...MYSTERY AND SACRIFICE.
ALL HAS BEEN MADE READY. LET US COMMENCE.
THE PIT OF BALAAM! IT'S HERE JUST AS THAT WITCH, WEB MOTHER SAID IT WOULD BE! SO TOO ARE THE VILE QUORUM AND THEIR ACOLYTES...
...BUT WHERE IS THE GIRL? I PRAY I AM NOT TOO LATE, THAT HER LIFEBLOOD HAS NOT YET BEEN SPILT HERE THIS NIGHT!
WE ARE THE FOUR WHO ARE ONE--THE QUORUM LOYAL AND TRUE. WE SERVE AS IS OUR DUTY--WE REAP AS IS OUR RIGHT.
IN THE BLOOD OF THE WORLD WE PAY--IN THE FORTUNES OF DARKNESS WE PROSPER. SO IT WAS AND FOREVER SHALL BE!

BRING FORWARD OUR TITHE, SO OUR LORD BALAAM'S APPETITE MAY BE SATED!
PLEASE DON'T HURT ME! PLEASE!
I...I KNOW YOU! ALL OF YOU! MISTER AUDEN, PLEASE! WHAT'S HAPPENING? I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I'M SCARED!
THAT'S GOOD. FEAR MAKES THE SOUL ALL THE MORE SUCCULENT. TAKE HER TO THE EDGE.
HEAR US, BALAAM THE DEVOURER! CHILD OF CREATION'S SHADOW!
WITH HEART, SOUL AND MIND WE SERVE THEE! WITH BLOOD, FLESH AND BONE WE HONOR THEE! TAKE THIS GIFT THAT WE MAY FLOURISH IN YOUR FAVOR!
NO!



WHAT AM I DOING? WHY DID I NOT TRY TO STOP THEM?
I COULD HAVE SAVED HER, BUT I DIDN'T! IT WAS AS IF SOME DARK ASPECT DEEP WITHIN ME DESIRED TO WITNESS THIS TERRIBLE SCENE... TO REVEL IN THE GIRL'S DESPAIR!

BUT I AM MYSELF AGAIN NOW, AND I SHALL NOT PERMIT AN INNOCENT TO SUFFER ON MY ACCOUNT!

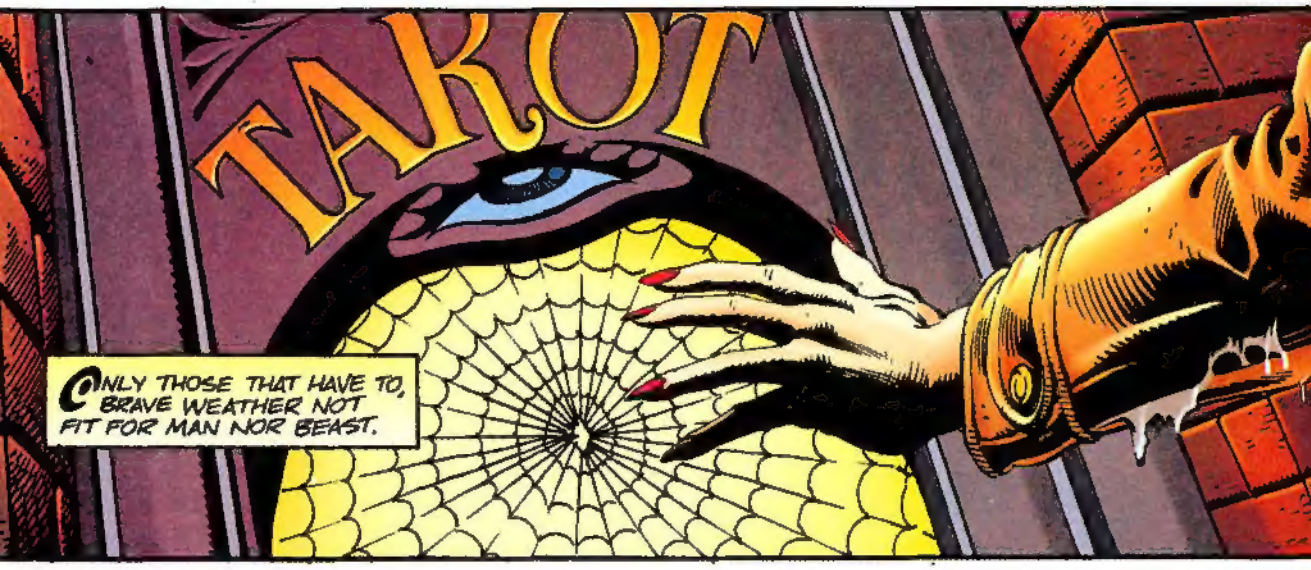
THROAT SKIN TEARS LIKE WET PAPER --THE RED THIRST IS ON HER, THE COPPER TANG OF HOT BLOOD PRICKING HER APPETITE--
WHAT THE HELL--!
NO, NOT HELL! SHE'S NOT ONE OF OURS!

BUT TONIGHT IS NOT FOR FEASTING, FOR GLUTTING HERSELF ON CRIMSON LIFE. THERE IS ANOTHER NEED SHE MUST FULFILL FIRST.
WAIT A MINUTE! I RECOGNIZE THAT BITCH! SHE WORKS FOR ME...

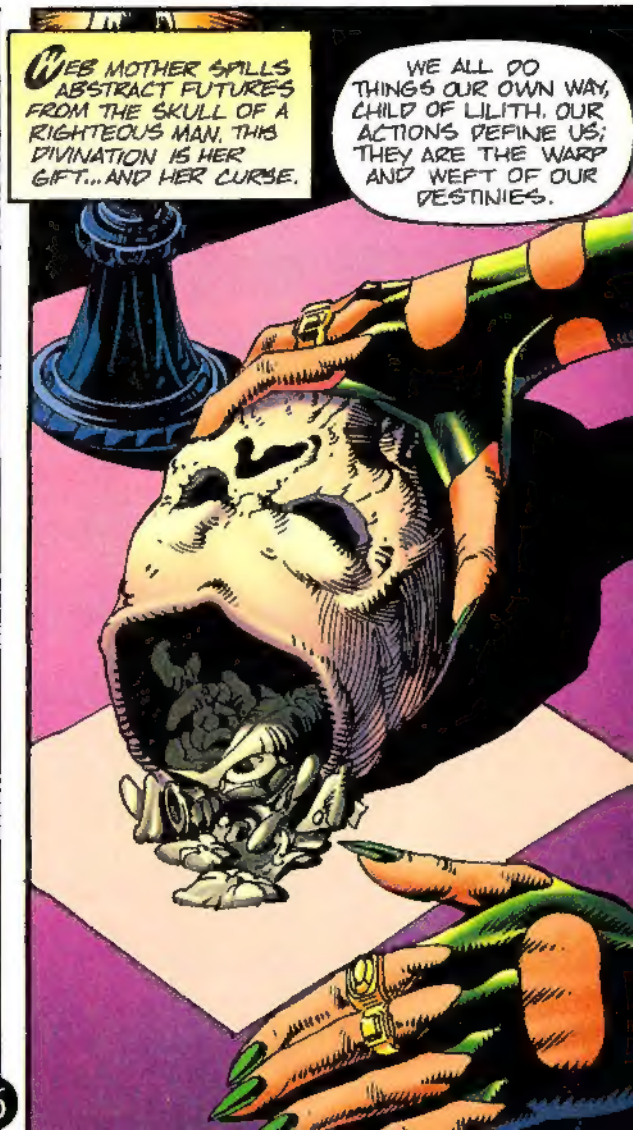
SOMETHING BITTER AND WICKED IS EATING AT THE HEART OF THE WORLD, EAGER TO BITE OUT THE LIVES OF ALL UPON IT.

SHE MUST END ITS LIFE OR DIE TRYING.

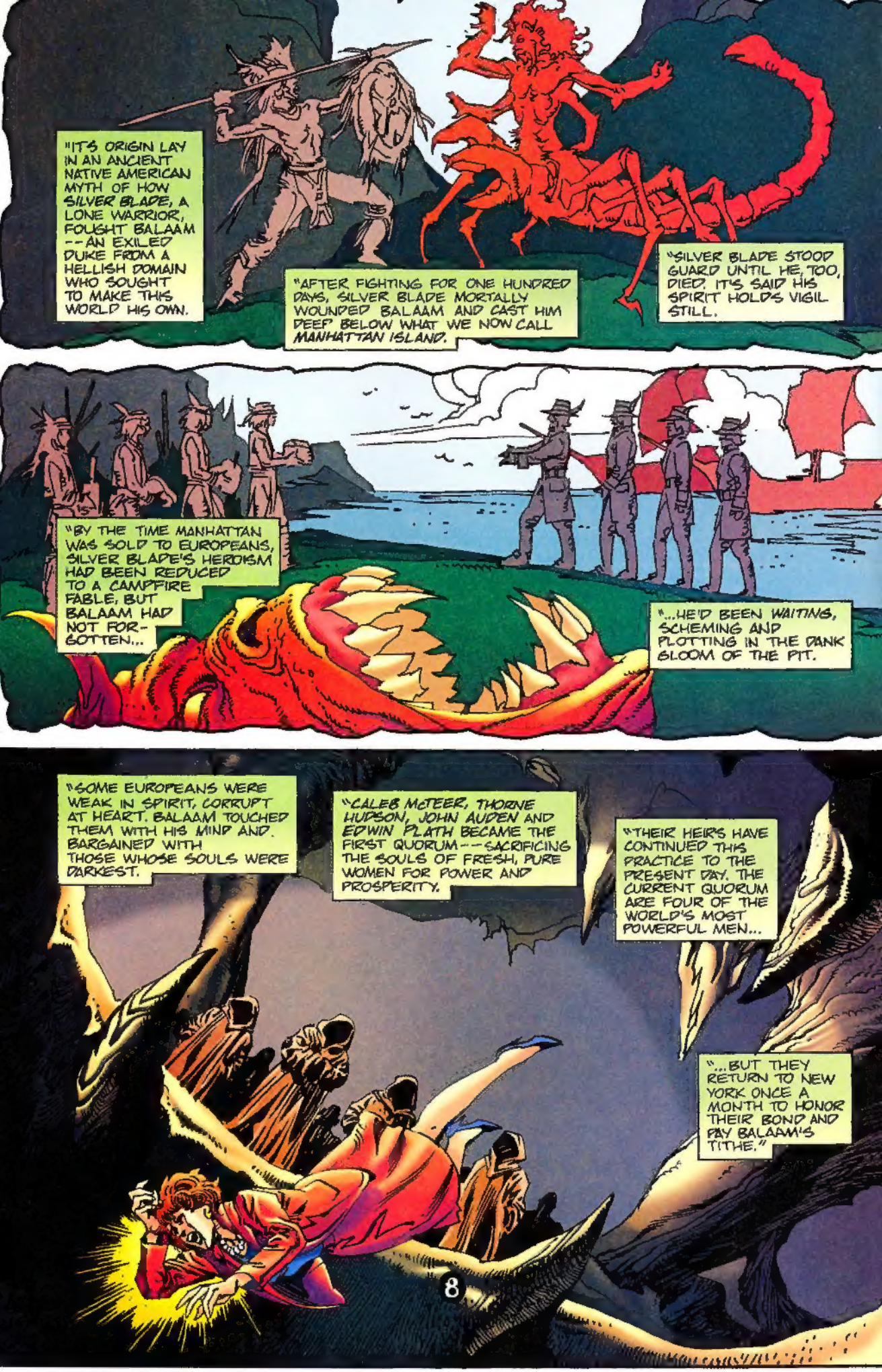
A WEEK EARLIER.
THE HEAVENS OPEN. A HARD RAIN BEATS GUNFIRE RHYTHMS ON THE HARLEM SIDEWALK.


TAROT
ONLY THOSE THAT HAVE TO, BRAVE WEATHER NOT FIT FOR MAN NOR BEAST.

I AM HERE, WITCH! I'VE COME AS COMMANDED, AND ALSO TO GIVE YOU FAIR WARNING...
...MY MIND IS NO ONE'S DOMAIN BUT MY OWN! NEXT TIME YOU DESIRE MY PRESENCE, DO NOT ENTER MY DREAMS TO SUMMON ME!
I CAN STILL FEEL YOUR FOOTSTEPS IN MY THOUGHTS. TRESPASS AGAIN AND I WILL DRINK YOUR LIFE. UNDERSTOOD?


WEB MOTHER SPILLS ABSTRACT FUTURES FROM THE SKULL OF A RIGHTEOUS MAN. THIS DIVINATION IS HER GIFT...AND HER CURSE.
WE ALL DO THINGS OUR OWN WAY, CHILD OF LILITH. OUR ACTIONS DEFINE US; THEY ARE THE WARP AND WEFT OF OUR DESTINIES.

YOUR PARLOR TRICKS CUT NO ICE WITH ME! SAVE THEM FOR YOUR PAYING CUSTOMERS; I'M HERE UNDER SUFFERANCE, REMEMBER?
MOCK ALL YOU WISH, CHILD OF LILITH, BUT YOU KNOW THE TRUTH --AS DO I.
WE ARE NOT THE SPAWN OF THE SONS OF ADAM AND DAUGHTERS OF EVE... WE ARE FRUIT OF A VERY DIFFERENT FLESH. WE LIVE IN A TWILIGHT WORLD THAT ORDINARY PEOPLE DISMISS AS MYTH AND LEGEND ...FICTION AND FABLE...
...THEY FEAR THE UNKNOWN WHILE WE RELISH IT! WE KNOW HOW THE WORLD REALLY WORKS, YOU AND I, THAT IS WHY I AM SO CERTAIN WE ARE FACING ITS EXTINCTION!
Oh, PLEASE! SPARE ME THE MELODRAMATICS!
SILENCE! LISTEN WELL, BLOOD CHILD, THIS IS NO JEST, BUT BITTER TRUTH! THAT IS WHY I HAVE SUMMONED YOU HERE!
A WOMAN WITH FAITH IN THE DARK ARTS RECENTLY SOUGHT ME TO FIND HER MISSING DAUGHTER...
...EVENTUALLY I FOUND HER, BEYOND THIS REALM OF FLESH-- DEAD, DAMNED AND DIS-POSSESSED. A ROTTING, SOULESS THING.
SHE SAID SHE HAD BEEN SACRIFICED TO A DEMON HERE IN NEW YORK, A DEMON THAT ATE HER SOUL!
I LATER DISCOVERED SHE WAS BUT ONE OF MANY-- PREY OF A NIGHT-MARE THAT BEGAN ALMOST A THOUSAND YEARS AGO!


"IT'S ORIGIN LAY IN AN ANCIENT NATIVE AMERICAN MYTH OF HOW SILVER BLADE, A LONE WARRIOR, FOUGHT BALAAM --AN EXILED DUKE FROM A HELLISH DOMAIN WHO SOUGHT TO MAKE THIS WORLD HIS OWN.
"AFTER FIGHTING FOR ONE HUNDRED DAYS, SILVER BLADE MORTALLY WOUNDED BALAAM AND CAST HIM DEEP BELOW WHAT WE NOW CALL MANHATTAN ISLAND.
"SILVER BLADE STOOD GUARD UNTIL HE, TOO, DIED. IT'S SAID HIS SPIRIT HOLDS VIGIL STILL.
"BY THE TIME MANHATTAN WAS SOLD TO EUROPEANS, SILVER BLADE'S HEROISM HAD BEEN REDUCED TO A CAMPFIRE FABLE, BUT BALAAM HAD NOT FORGOTTEN...
"...HE'D BEEN WAITING, SCHEMING AND PLOTTING IN THE DANK GLOOM OF THE PIT.
"SOME EUROPEANS WERE WEAK IN SPIRIT, CORRUPT AT HEART. BALAAM TOUCHED THEM WITH HIS MIND AND BARGAINED WITH THOSE WHOSE SOULS WERE DARKEST.
"CALEB McTEER, THORNE HUDSON, JOHN AUDEN AND EDWIN PLATH BECAME THE FIRST QUORUM---SACRIFICING THE SOULS OF FRESH, PURE WOMEN FOR POWER AND PROSPERITY.
"THEIR HEIRS HAVE CONTINUED THIS PRACTICE TO THE PRESENT DAY. THE CURRENT QUORUM ARE FOUR OF THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL MEN...
"...BUT THEY RETURN TO NEW YORK ONCE A MONTH TO HONOR THEIR BOND AND PAY BALAAM'S TITHE."

BALAAM HAS GORGED HIMSELF ON SOUL-ENERGY FOR CENTURIES, HIS CANCEROUS AURA PERMEATING THE CITY, SOWING SEEDS OF MAYHEM, DESPAIR AND PARANOIA.
ARE YOU SAYING HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS CITY'S PROBLEMS?
IN PART, YES. HE HAS SET FREE THE EVIL IN MEN'S HEARTS, BUT THAT IS THE *LEAST* OF OUR CONCERNS.
BALAAM IS USING THE SOUL-ENERGY TO FORCIBLY *EVOLVE* HIMSELF INTO A HIGHER INCARNATION... A DARK GOD WHO WILL TURN THIS WORLD INTO A CHARNEL HOUSE.
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, ISN'T IT? YOU WANT ME TO GO UP AGAINST HIM?
YES, THE QUORUM WILL GATHER SOON. THE TIME IS *RIPE*.
WHAT IF I *REFUSE*?
YOU WILL NOT. YOU ARE STILL IN MY DEBT, OR HAD YOU FORGOTTEN OUR TIME IN MOROCCO?
NO, I HADN'T, AS YOU DAMN WELL KNOW! I'LL HONOR MY DEBT AND FULFILL YOUR TASK, ALTHOUGH I DO HAVE ONE QUESTION...

"... DO YOU HAVE ANY KIND OF PLAN IN MIND?"
KRAKK!
BRAKKA-BRAKKA!
YOU'RE GOOD, GIRL. FAST, TOO, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO SAVE YOUR HIDE. IT'S TIME TO DIE!
THE BLOOD SINGS IN HIS VEINS, THE RED RUSH OF HIS LIFE CALLING TO HER...
I COULDN'T HAVE PUT IT BETTER MYSELF!
BRAKKA-BRAKKA!
...RUNNING HOT AND LIVID ACROSS HER TONGUE AS SHE TASTES HER KILL

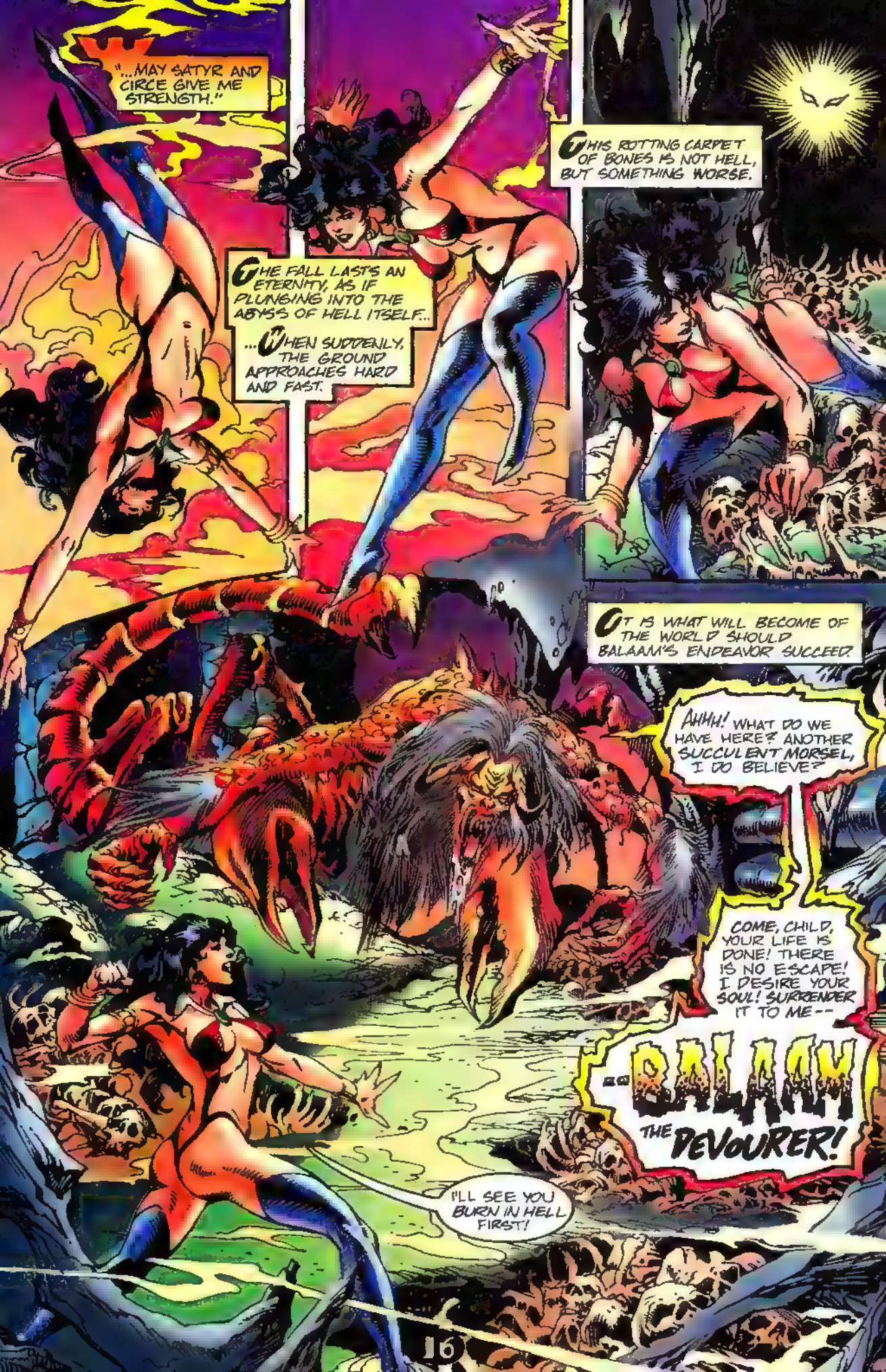
SHE...SHE TORE OUT HIS THROAT!
SHE'S SOME KIND OF VAMPIRE!
I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK!
HYPOCRITES! YOU COWER LIKE FRIGHTENED CHILDREN AT THE SIGHT OF SPILLED BLOOD!
YOUR HANDS ARE REDDER THAN MINE WILL EVER BE!
MY GOD, SHE KNOWS!
YES, I KNOW... OF THE UNTOLD LIVES YOU'VE FED TO A CREATURE OF IMMEASURABLE EVIL--A CREATURE THAT LIVES AND BREATHES DECEPTION!
YOU'VE BEEN BLINDED BY GREED AND POWER BY A MONSTER WHO WILL MAKE A SLAUGHTERHOUSE OF THIS WORLD UNLESS HE CAN BE DESTROYED!
NOW GET THE HELL OUT OF MY WAY!
DO YOU THINK SHE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH?
I...I DON'T KNOW!
IT'S TOO LATE FOR REGRETS NOW. OUR SOULS WERE DAMNED THE MOMENT OUR ANCESTORS STRUCK A DEAL WITH WHATEVER'S IN THAT GODFORSAKEN PIT.

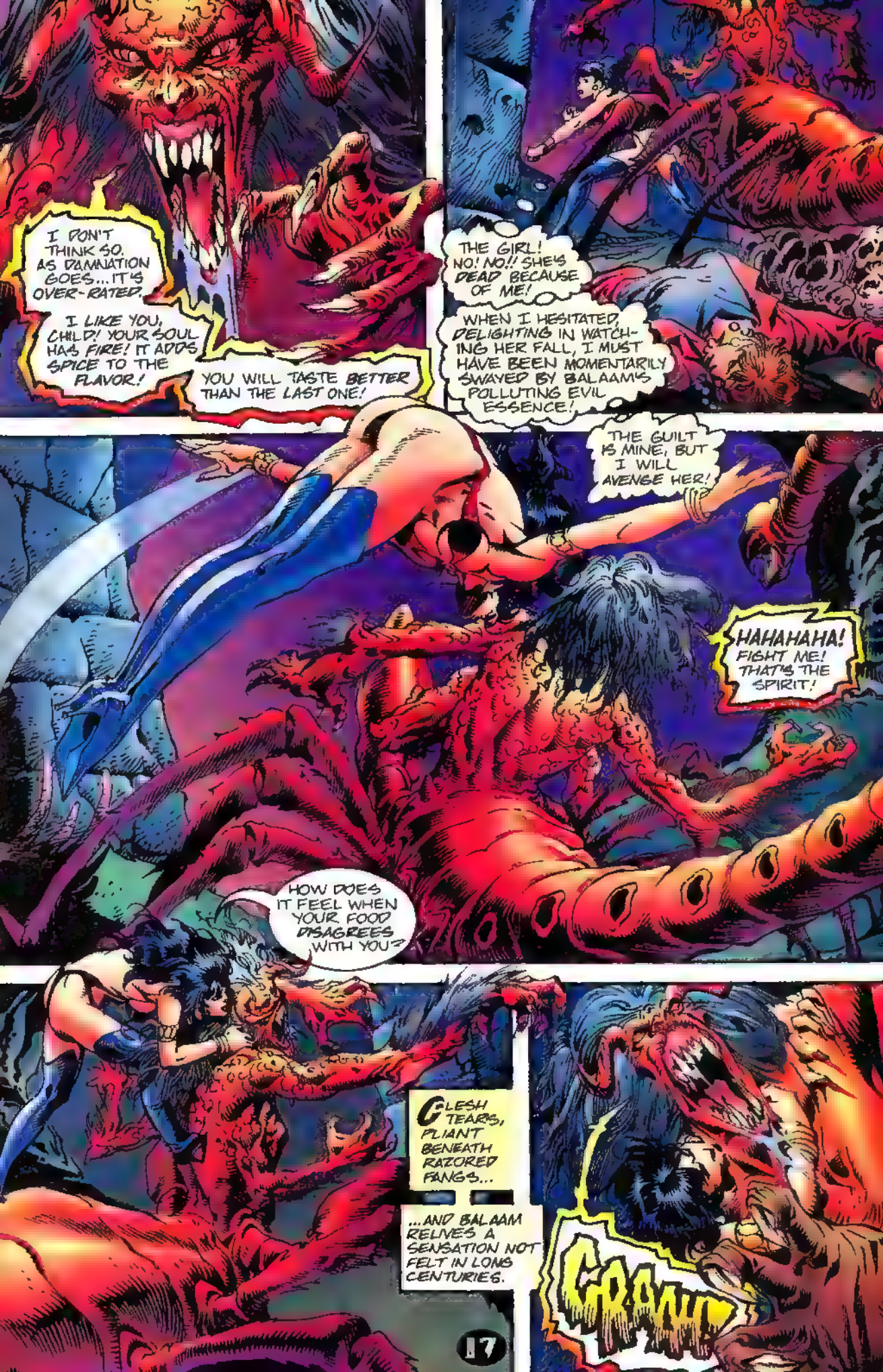
ONE HOUR EARLIER:
I THINK THAT CONCLUDES TODAY'S BUSINESS, GENTLEMEN. I'LL HAVE THE RELEVANT DOCUMENTS ON YOUR DESKS FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING.
THAT'S VERY EFFICIENT OF YOU, ANDREW.
ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU'RE NOT THE ONE BURNING THE MIDNIGHT OIL DOING ALL THE WORK!
OH, I DON'T MIND, MISTER HUDSON.
YOU'RE AN ANGEL, MY DEAR, AND HE'S A SLAVE DRIVER. COME AND WORK FOR ME. GOOD PERSONAL ASSISTANTS LIKE YOU ARE THE DEVIL'S OWN WORK TO FIND!
THANK YOU, BUT I COULDN'T. WORKING LATE ISN'T SO BAD. I'M NEW IN TOWN AND HARDLY KNOW ANYONE... I'D RATHER KEEP BUSY THAN SIT HOME ALONE.
EXCUSE ME, BUT I'D BETTER MAKE A START ON THESE.
SHE'S PERFECT!
WHAT DID I TELL YOU! NO FAMILY OR CLOSE FRIENDS--SHE COULD DROP OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH AND NO ONE WOULD TURN A HAIR.
SHE'LL BE JUST ANOTHER STATISTIC, ANOTHER LOST SOUL IN THE BIG, BAD CITY LIKE ALL THE REST!
GOOD JOB, TOO...

"...BECAUSE OUR BENEFACTOR IS SHORTLY DUE FOR HIS NEXT FEED."
OH, NO!
BUM
OH, I'M SORRY! I'M SO CLUMSY! I SHOULD'VE LOOKED WHERE I WAS GOING!
DON'T WORRY. THESE THINGS HAPPEN.
HERE, LET ME HELP YOU.
YOU'RE CARMILLA, AREN'T YOU? WE STARTED THE SAME DAY! THE COMPANY'S BEEN HIRING A LOT RECENTLY-- THEY MUST NEED SOME NEW BLOOD!
BOY, YOU MUST BE PLANNING ON WORKING LATE! ALL THIS WILL TAKE FOR-EVER TO PROCESS!
I KNOW-- NO REST FOR THE WICKED, eh? STILL BEATS A NIGHT AT HOME, JUST ME AND THE T.V.!
THANKS FOR YOUR HELP.
GOOD NIGHT, SEE YOU TOMORROW.
WEB MOTHER WAS RIGHT TO SEND ME UNDERCOVER-- THERE IS EVIL HERE.
MANY OF BALAAM'S VICTIMS HAVE BEEN COVERTLY CULLED FROM SINGLE WOMEN CONNECTED WITH THE QUORUM'S BUSINESSES.
THIS GIRL HAS THE AURA OF A VICTIM; SHE HAS BEEN SET LIKE A LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER...

...BUT I AM NO CALLOW NOVICE WHEN IT COMES TO PREDATORS AND PREY.
I SHALL CLOAK MYSELF IN SHADOW AND WAIT TO SEE WHAT EVENTS UNFOLD.
WHEN THE TIME IS RIPE, I SHALL PLAY THESE VILE WRETCHES AT THEIR OWN SICK GAME!
"AS MUCH AS I MAY WISH TO-- I CANNOT HELP THE GIRL JUST YET, I CANNOT SHOW MY HAND TOO SOON.
"BUT SHE CAN HELP ME..
"...AS BAIT!"
WHO'S THERE?

HMMPH!
HUSH NOW, MY PRETTY-PRETTY. STRUGGLE ALL YOU WISH. YOU CANNOT SAVE YOURSELF
YOUR INSIGNIFICANT LIFE IS NEEDED TO SERVE A GREATER PURPOSE!
A HIDDEN DOORWAY SEAMLESSLY OPENS ONTO A DEEP STAIRWELL REEKING OF DESPAIR AND DAMP EARTH.
WHILE IN THE SILENT SHADOWS, A REDUNDANT DISGUISE IS SHED LIKE A USED SKIN
SO, IT BEGINS...


"...MAY SATYR AND CIRCE GIVE ME STRENGTH."
THE FALL LASTS AN ETERNITY, AS IF PLUNGING INTO THE ABYSS OF HELL ITSELF...
...WHEN SUDDENLY, THE GROUND APPROACHES HARD AND FAST.
THIS ROTTING CARPET OF BONES IS NOT HELL, BUT SOMETHING WORSE.
IT IS WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE WORLD SHOULD BALAAM'S ENDEAVOR SUCCEED.
AHHH! WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE? ANOTHER SUCCULENT MORSEL, I DO BELIEVE?
COME, CHILD, YOUR LIFE IS DONE! THERE IS NO ESCAPE! I DESIRE YOUR SOUL! SURRENDER IT TO ME--
BALAAM THE DEVOURER!
I'LL SEE YOU BURN IN HELL FIRST!


I DON'T THINK SO. AS DAMNATION GOES... IT'S OVER-RATED.
I LIKE YOU, CHILD! YOUR SOUL HAS FIRE! IT ADDS SPICE TO THE FLAVOR!
YOU WILL TASTE BETTER THAN THE LAST ONE!
THE GIRL! NO! NO!! SHE'S DEAD BECAUSE OF ME!
WHEN I HESITATED, DELIGHTING IN WATCHING HER FALL, I MUST HAVE BEEN MOMENTARILY SWAYED BY BALAAM'S POLLUTING EVIL ESSENCE!
THE GUILT IS MINE, BUT I WILL AVENGE HER!
HAHAHAHA! FIGHT ME! THAT'S THE SPIRIT!
HOW DOES IT FEEL WHEN YOUR FOOD DISAGREES WITH YOU?
FLESH TEARS, PLIANT BENEATH RAZORED FANGS...
...AND BALAAM RELIVES A SENSATION NOT FELT IN LONG CENTURIES.
CRUNCH

SATYR AND CIRCE! WEB MOTHER WAS RIGHT! HIS BODY'S ALIVE WITH THE SOUL-ENERGY HE NEEDS TO EVOLVE!
UHH!
ENOUGH!
THOK!
I HAVE SEEN THROUGH YOUR RUSE!
YOU WERE NOT SENT AS FODDER! YOU ARE A REVENANT BITCH! A FILTHY, VAMPIRE SLUT!
YOUR TAINTED SOUL IS OF NO USE TO ME!
THAT'S TOO BAD!

IT IS FOR YOU, ASSASSIN! YOU ARE TOO LATE! NOTHING ON HEAVEN OR EARTH CAN STOP ME FROM CLAIMING THIS REALM AS MY DOMAIN--WHERE ALL SHALL SUFFER!
EVEN YOUR LOYAL SERVANTS?
THEY ARE EXPENDABLE. I AM REPLETE WITH THE ENERGY OF LIFE! I AM BECOMING A GOD!
ALL WILL KNEEL IN HOMAGE TO ME!
YOUR EXILE HERE HAS DRIVEN YOU INSANE IF YOU THINK THERE ARE NONE WHO WOULD FIGHT AGAINST YOUR TYRANNY!
I SHALL BE THE FIRST!
HAH! I CANNOT FEAST UPON YOU--BUT YOU SHALL STILL ENTERTAIN ME!
AHUH!
I HAVE SOME TIME TO KILL BEFORE I TRANSCEND THIS FLESH!

EEAAA!
SO MUCH FOR THAT LITTLE PROBLEM. SHE'S DEAD ALONG WITH HER FOUL LIES.
"I THINK WE CAN ASSUME IT'S BUSINESS AS USUAL, GENTLEMEN?"
I'LL NOT CRY OUT AGAIN AND SHOW SUCH WEAKNESS, BUT THE PAIN! IT'S UNIMAGINABLE!
HAHAHAHAH! I'D FORGOTTEN HOW ENTERTAINING TORTURE CAN BE!
MY EVISCERATING CLAWS HAD ALMOST ATROPHIED WITHOUT USE, BUT YOUR MEAT WILL HONE THEM AGAIN!
IT'S NO USE! HIS GRIP'S CUTTING ME TO THE BONE! I CAN'T BREAK FREE...
...BUT I CAN USE IT AGAINST HIM!
WHAT NOW?

SKRIIP!
THIS!
NNGGAHH! MY FACE!
SKRRNK!
SO! YOU STILL CAN BLEED! YOU ARE NOT ENTIRELY CONSUMED WITH SOUL-ENERGY! GOOD...
...BECAUSE WHAT BLEEDS, DIES!
YOU OVER-ESTIMATE YOUR ABILITIES, VAMPIRE! YOU ARE NO MATCH FOR ME AT ANY TIME!
UMH!
WHUD!
HE'S RIGHT! HE'S TOO STRONG FOR ME! WAIT! THIS SKELETON ISN'T LIKE THE REST!
IT'S SILVER BLADE! THE WARRIOR WHO BESTED BALAAM! THE LEGEND WAS TRUE!

HSSS!
IT'S A PITY HE'S IN NO SHAPE TO HELP ME! HIS WAR SPEAR LOOKS INTACT, THOUGH. MAYBE I CAN USE THAT INSTEAD!
COME TO ME, CHILD! I WISH TO HURT YOU!
IF I CANNOT CONSUME YOUR SOUL, THEN I WILL TEAR OUT YOUR LIFE!
YOU CAN TRY, HELLSPAWN, BUT I'M TAKING YOU WITH ME!
DIE!
GRAAGH!

SATYR AND CIRCE! THE METAL SPEAR MUST BE ACTING LIKE A LIGHTNING ROD, GROUNDING THE BIO-ELECTRICAL SOUL-ENERGY WITHIN HIM!
THE AIR BURNS WITH THE LIGHT OF THE DEAD-- STINKING OF OZONE AND ROASTING DEMON FLESH.
CENTURIES OF LIVES CUT SHORT BY GREED AND DEPRAVITY FIND FREEDOM IN A LENGTH OF KEEN STEEL.
THEIR BIO-ELECTRICAL ESSENCES ESCAPE THROUGH THE BUILDING'S FOUNDATION GIRDERS, PAUSING ONLY TO INCINERATE THE QUORUM--
--GIVING THEM A TASTE OF THE HELL THAT AWAITS THEM.
WHILE THOUSANDS OF LOST SOULS FIND A LONG-SOUGHT PEACE AT LAST.
KA
BOOM

LATER, IN HARLEM...
SURPRISED TO SEE ME, WITCH?
NOT AT ALL. I HAD EVERY CONFIDENCE IN YOU.
THE NEWS REPORTED AUDEN AND THE OTHERS AS DYING IN A TRAGIC GAS MAIN EXPLOSION--BUT WHAT OF BALAAM?
HERE, SEE FOR YOURSELF!
THUNK!
I'M MOST IMPRESSED! TELL ME, THOUGH, WHEN YOU THREATENED TO KILL ME EARLIER, WOULD YOU REALLY HAVE DONE IT?
I ALWAYS KEEP MY WORD, AS WELL YOU KNOW, BUT WE'RE EVEN NOW--

--SO LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY, SHALL WE?

Profile: Ian Edginton

Nickname: Some friends have called me Edge. Some haven't.
Favorite band: Oasis
Place of birth: Birmingham [that's in England, chaps!]
Influences/why? Comic wise: The big guys– Frank Miller, Alan Moore and Alan Grant. They tell a good story, and that's what it's all about. I don't read a lot of mainstream comics– they fry your brain after awhile. I read a lot of non-fiction and crime books. I really enjoy Donald E. Westlake, a crime fiction novelist (Hey Kids– buy his books).
Credits/recent comic projects: *Wolverine* and the *X-men*.
How did you break into the comic business? I've been in journalism and marketing for years, and I've known a lot of artists as well. One day, me and Steve Pugh, the penciler of *Doom 2099*, pitched stuff to *Deadline*– the folks who publish *Tank Girl*. Things took off from there. Dark Horse reprinted the material, and then Mike Richardson [the publisher] asked if I would like to do a Terminator series.
Favorite snack at two o' clock in the morning? Unlike most freelancers, I don't drink or smoke. I work out and take walks so I'm asleep at the time.
Tips for young writers: Read lots of stuff from outside of comics, otherwise, you'll wind up regurgitating a lot of stuff that has already been done. Read a lot of strange and factoid books– not only do you learn some interesting things– but you'll always be the hit of any party.
What's the only animal that has four knees: The elephant.
Favorite barnyard animal: The pig.
Something you'd like on your tombstone: A naked woman.

Profile: Rudy D. Nebres

Nickname: Rudy. **Place of birth:** Philippines.
Age: Don't ask– but I'm not over the hill!
What do you like most about working on Vampirella? Vampirella– She's so sexy!
Credits/recent comic projects: *Mars Attacks*, *Savage Sword of Conan*, and of course *Vampirella*.
Hobbies: The arts. I love listening to music, and singing. And Dancing, you know I was a great a dancer.
Influences/why? I take a tremendous amount from all fields of art, but from comics my main influences are Alex Raymond *(Flash Gordon)*, Hal Foster *(Prince Valiant)*. Their work is brilliant and were a great influence on me as a kid. Every time I saw them in the papers, I got inspired.
Favorite Vampi artist: I really have two favorites: José Gonzalez and José Ortiz. Gonzalez's women were amazing, and the way Ortiz utilized blacks and line etchings was fantastic.
How did you break into the comic business? Way back in the Philippines. I brought samples to a publisher... of course, they said I needed more practice. I contacted some local artists and they took me under their wing and helped my drawing.
Favorite snack at two o' clock in the morning? I never eat a snack at two o'clock. I'm sound asleep.
Tips for young artists: Anatomy is paramount. Comics deal with so many figures. Definitely anatomy. Perspective is important, oh, and don't forget mood and shadow.
Weirdest thing that ever happened to you: My cousin, who was already a comic artist, and an art director at a comic company helped me get my first assignment. The editor wasn't happy, but he told my cousin that he would give me another chance. My cousin was afraid that I wouldn't be able to do a good job, and he did it himself so that I would not get fired. Most of my first printed work was drawn by someone else.

The opinions expressed on this page are exclusively those of the participants and do not represent the position of Harris Publications management or employees.

HARRIS COMICS

Vampirella: Death & Destruction® #1

The END is Near!

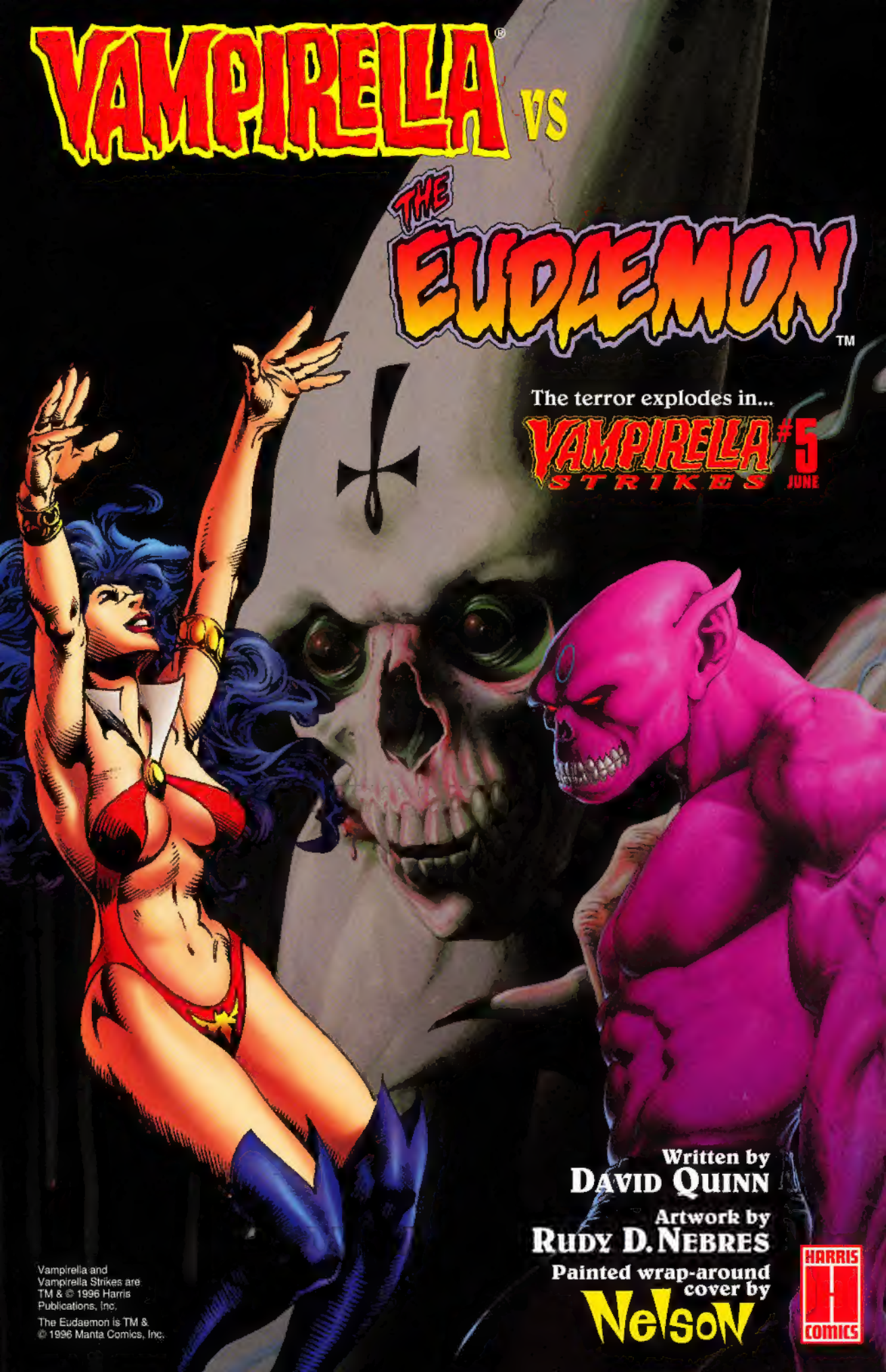
Conner
Palmiotti

Sniegoski
C. Golden

Premiering in July with
an awesome Bill Tucci cover!

(Here's a sneak peek.)

HARRIS COMICS



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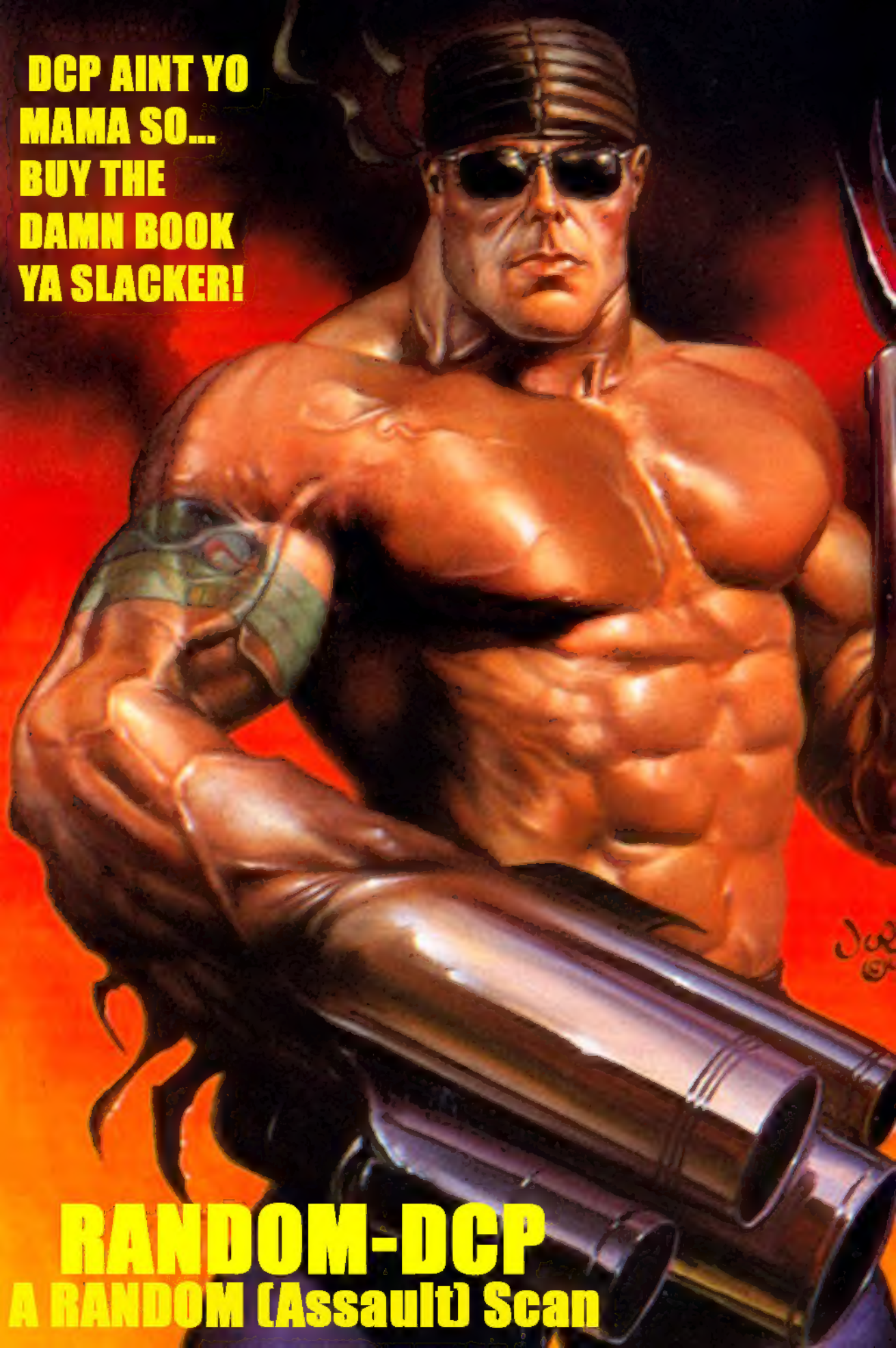
DCP AINT YO
MAMA SO...
BUY THE
DAMN BOOK
YA SLACKER!
RANDOM-DCP
A RANDOM (Assault) Scan